

Amplified Melancholy

You might ask me to explain
this season's melancholy
slipping through my veins

and all I can tell you is that
on the tenth anniversary of dad's
passing, the doctors removed

my right breast and five years later
stabbed by a second diagnosis,
bone marrow malignancy,

no cure just treatment—
the holiday lights sharpened.
Past dripping menorah candles,

I step onto African soil
with dreams of leaving
my own cells buried there

merging with a history
of African fights for survival,
even as I know there's no way

except through magical dreams,
to leave behind what haunts me:
the healthy bones dad had once bestowed.